AN Excellent New Song,

To a good Old Tune.

I *Synge* of a *Sermon*, a Sermon of *Worth*,
Which newly was Printed, and newly come forth;
A *Sermon* of late,
Which rais'd a Debate,
And many Opinions, of Church and of State:
It was made by a Prieſt of ſix Foot and more,
But the like of it, ſcarce has been heard of before.

Moſt are at a loſs to find out his true meaning;
Whilſt others of ſome dark Deſign are complaining.
Some think *He's for Martin*,
Some for *Jack* his Heart in,
But moſt do agree *He's* for *Peter*, for certain:
O *S——nge* who won't think thou wert Bred at St. *Germains*,
Who reads what *Opinions* you've Broach'd in your Sermons.

Some ſay it is new, ſome ſay what is ſtranger;
That all you have ſaid is taken from *Bangor*:
Then looks it not odly
T'Extract from *Ben Hoadly*
A Scheme that ſeems *Popiſh* to all that are Godly.
O *S——nge* thou had'ſt better been hang'd in a Rope,
Than thus to turn Stickler for *Rome* and the *Pope*.

Now, who will not ſay you are for the *Pretender*,
When yo' oppoſe the *true Faith*, and the Faith's *true Defender*?
For you open a Door
For *Babylon's Whore*,
And for all *Sects* that are in the World, and much-more:
O *S——nge* thou had'ſt better have dy'd in thy Youth,
Than thus to be plagu'd for oppoſing the *Truth*.

This

This *Sermon* was lately attack'd in a *Letter*,
Which ſome People think might have been ſomewhat better;
Be that as it will,
He got a damn'd Pill,
Which in vain he ſince thought to expell by his Quill:
O *S——nge* thou had'ſt better by far held thy Peace,
Than thus to be ſlav'd by the *Vicar of Naas*.

Beware of this *Vicar* and dread his Attack,
For ſurely he'll lay you, at length, on your Back;
For he ſhews you've perplex'd
And murther'd your Text,
And quoted—— Of which you'll hear more in his next:
O *S——nge* thou had'ſt better a Blanket been toſt in,
Than thus to be pelted for quoting St. *Auſtin*.

This Truth from Experience is always allow'd,
That Men of *Low Parts* may paſs in the Crowd,
Without vain pretence
To ſuperior Senſe,
Or more than kind Nature does wiſely diſpenſe;
But when they pretend to ſoar up 'bove their Pitch,
It is twenty to one, but they fall in a Ditch.

How-e'er he's abus'd here, he's ſure that in *Britain*
He'll meet with Applauſe both from *Whiſton* and *Ditton*.
So *S——nge* be not Sh——t on
By *Whiſton* or *Ditton*,
He cares not what *Iriſh* Folk ſay of what's written;
Synge, *Ditton* and *Whiſton* : *Synge*, *Whiſton* and *Ditton* :
Synge, Shitt on and Piſt on, Synge, Piſt on and Shitt on.

Printed in the Year, MDCCXXVI.

355344